

bienvenue (a poem)

by Peter Erich

.
if you lost your list on your way here
i will help you get what you came for.

a fabric that holds its weight, waders
to fish for baubles, noisemakers that
can knock all the boys from their feet,
and these things will be yours alone.

.
but you sigh. you sigh, and you say
my effort just isn't good enough, and
in one infinite exhale of expectations
i become small and burrow into myself,
quietly raging like a boobytrap.

and it happens again, and again, and it
builds, and it will become more. it will
be louder, and it will be brightly colored
and "it" will become "i" and i will be the
master of ceremonies describing what
is about to go down.

.
it will start with a song and it will end
with a traffic jam and i will never again be less,
and i will pose in the center of the freeway
and i will walk-off conquering;

for me, safe behind the sandbags, alone,
drinking what i came for, as the bombs go off.

